

## The Books of the Bible.

M. E. IN MINNESOTA MISSIONARY.

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand;  
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the Promised Land;  
Leviticus contains the law, holy, and just and good.  
Numbers records the tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood.  
Moses, in Deuteronomy, records God's mighty deeds.  
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.  
In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite,  
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in his sight.  
In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read,  
Ten Tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.  
The First and Second Chronicles, see Judah captive made;  
But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.  
The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,  
While Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.  
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,  
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.  
The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear.  
Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.  
The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose.  
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King the "rapt Isaiah" shows,  
The warning Jeremiah—Apostate Israel scorns;  
His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns.  
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries.  
While kings and Empires yet to come, Daniel in vision sees.  
Of judgment and of mercy, Hosea loves to tell;  
Joel described the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.  
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call,  
While Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.  
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord,  
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.  
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured,  
A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's visions give.  
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.  
Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again,  
And Zachariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.  
Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord;  
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.  
Saints Matthew, Mark and Luke and John, the Holy Gospel wrote,  
Describing how the Saviour died—his life and all he taught.  
The Acts show God's Apostles owned with signs in every place.  
St. Paul in Romans, teaches us how man is saved by grace.  
The Apostle, in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves,  
Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.  
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be.  
Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.  
In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven.  
In Timothy and Titus a Bishop's rule is given.  
Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know.  
Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the Law.  
James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;  
St. Peter points the narrow way in which the Saints are led.  
John in his three Epistles on love delights to dwell.  
St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.  
The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day,  
When Christ—and Christ alone shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

J. E. M., the best flour in America, \$2.60 per 100 pounds. Cash. 2t  
Arctic is a good patent flour; only \$2.40 per 100 pounds. Cash. 2t

County Court meets Monday.

## Bellepoint.

Mr. Jas S. Cheaney has removed his family from the Brown cottage, on Benson street, to the house of Mrs. Sue M. Quire, on Wilson street.

The social given by Misses Alice and Lullie Merchant at their father's residence, Mr. C. C. Merchant, on Tuesday evening, was a most enjoyable entertainment.

Mr. Ed. M. Hansbrough has removed from "Pink Cottage," on Polsgrove street, to the house of Mrs. McGrath on Clinton street, Frankfort.

Drs. Robinson and Sullivan contemplate opening a first class drug store in our town, provided a suitable room can be obtained. This would be a big thing for Bellepoint.

There are several nice dwelling houses for rent in our town at this time.

Mr. J. L. Cheaney has purchased a new and powerful engine to run his new corn mill in this place, and will soon have it in operation, and then we will have the best meal in the State.

The handsome residence on Grandview street will be occupied as soon as the plastering is thoroughly done.

Mr. John W. Gilpin and family are on a protracted visit to Mrs. Gilpin's mother, near Sudduth's Springs.

Col. Davy Todd, of Shelby county, has been spending a week or so visiting his mother's family at Lake Park.

The event of the week was the cotillion party given by Mr. Wm. H. Lewis to his young friends last night. The beauty, chivalry and elegance of our town was fully represented. The dancing was kept up until a late hour, and all went merrily as a marriage bell. Next.

The Sunday school, which has been carried on here for years, has at last died a natural death. It was not fostered by the "gilt edged," and consequently it was compelled to succumb to the inevitable. It is melancholy to contemplate the going down of an enterprise of this kind in the midst of so much intelligence and piety as seems to be in Bellepoint. But such is the fact. It may be that the good Christians have become surfeited on good things since the advent of Bro. Barnes. Alas and alack!

## Editor Roundabout.

In making up my "Early Recollections" I find in my haste to have them published in time for the turning over the papers of our Centennial to the city. I omitted many names of persons that I now wish to supply if you will be kind enough to give them a place in your paper. Ladies—Mrs. Isabella Whitehead, Mrs. Mary McEwan, Mrs. Henry Murray, Mrs. Miss Margaret Whitehead, Mrs. Jacob Smith, Mrs. Richard Long, Mrs. Samuel Miles, Mrs. Richard Seebree, Mrs. Henry Banks, Mrs. James Downing, Mrs. Laz. Lindsay, Mrs. Judge John Bacon, Mrs. James Williams, Sr., Mrs. Harry Hardie, Mrs. James Withrow, Mrs. Wm. Mathews, Mrs. Benjamin Luckett, Mrs. Fenwick, Sr., Miss Kitty Monroe, Mrs. Judge Thos. Monroe, Sr., Mrs. Peter Marsh, Mrs. Wm. Greenup, Mrs. Caroline Hardin, Mrs. Almira Gayle, Mrs. Harriet Vest, Mrs. Wm. Todd, Mrs. Margaret Quinn, Mrs. William Bacon, Mrs. Spill, Coleman, Mrs. Wm. Miller, Mrs. Owen Tapp, Mrs. Joseph Rosson, Mrs. Hi. Berry, Mrs. James Kendall, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. C. N. Johnson, Mrs. Frank Moffit, Mrs. Geo. Triplett, Mrs. Geo. Cunningham, Mrs. B. B. Sayre, Mrs. Ruth Theobald, Mrs. Jacob Cox, Miss Nellie Fenwick, Miss Ellen Harvie, Mrs. Breathitt, Mrs. Lew's Crutcher.

Gentlemen—George Cunningham, Samuel Phillips, Elijah Brauhum, Dr. Blackburn, Capt. Wm. Blackburn, Wm. Lindsay John Smith, Frank Joice, Reuben Holton, Rev. Stephen Searce, Atwell Renick, James Davidson, Jr., John Rupe, Jack Page, James Haly John McQuiddy, Henry Banks, James Jackson, Winston Vaughan, Walker Vaughn, Asa Carl, Andrew Johnson, David Mitchell, Wesley Thomas, Frank Quillin, Robt. Hardwick, Thomas Steele, Sr., B. B. Sayre, Harrod Holean, Joseph Rosson, Sr., Joseph French, Griff Kennedy, Rev. Eli Smith, Sr., Capt. Wm. Church, Charles Reynolds, Jr., Thos. Hall, Sr., Richard Crutcher, Lewis Crutcher, Elisha Hawkins, and Pack Mayhall.

Colored—Old Faithful Servants—Phillip Roper, Langston Patterson, Frank Noll, Johnson Beckner, John Ward, Apple Jack, Stratford Goins, Thomas Bacon, Thomas Broadhead, Geo. Upshaw, Dick Holmes, Jim Black, Robt. Dudley, Josh Vinegar, John Birney, Harry Mordica, Sr., Aunt Hannah Dudley, Rilla Dudley, Isabella Dudley, Caroline Dudley, Laura Dudley, Hannah Stout, Hannah Trigg, Laura Greenup, Touch Fire Edy Smith, Mrs. Berry Jones, Winnie Lewis.



**REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.**  
THE BRICK COTTAGE, NO 608 MAIN STREET, containing four rooms, and all reasonable conveniences. This property is now occupied by Mrs. Kate Mahoney, and possession cannot be given until the 15th of next April.  
For terms of sale apply to  
L. R. or BEN. MARSHALL.

## BLUE SKIES.

Sad twilight trails her heavy clouds  
Into the night. One sullen zone  
Of mist, in nearer circling shrouds  
Sweeps out the hills our love has known.  
Cold blasts go sobbing over head,  
And by his sweet persuasion led  
Behold one fair faint sparkle sped  
Thro' rifted mists. I keep glad eyes,  
Dream happy things. Above are spread  
Blue skies.

Life, eager heart of mine, is storm.  
Thou canst not part the lowering years.  
Closer and deeper phantoms form,  
Thy near horizon veils in tears.  
The world drifts from thy yearning sight,  
But hark! what free wind hither flies,  
Singing of strange, unseen delight!  
A star shines in the death-wreck's flight!  
Dream though of morn and Paradise;  
Over thy grave shall watch to-night  
Blue skies.

—Ellen H. Butler.

## A CHEMICAL DEBASEMENT.

Swiss Honey Always To Be Found on the Breakfast Table.

One thing that traveled Americans are likely to remember, because it is the sole article they ever get abroad without paying for it, is Swiss honey. At nearly every inn in the little republic honey is always on the breakfast table, and you may eat as much as you like without cost. Generally strained, it is frequently called virgin honey, which it is not. Most of our countrymen have always been taught to believe that it is pure, the much boasted but rarely discovered honesty of the Swiss being regarded as a guarantee of its purity.

It is now declared, and is doubtless true, that Swiss honey is almost invariably made of glycerine and pear juice—not so bad as are many adulterations. As this has been one of the things in which we have had complete faith, the discovery will have a tendency to shatter the little confidence we have left. Swiss honey, however, is not injurious, for which, perhaps, we should be thankful. It is not like the famous honey of Trebizond, which is positively poisonous, causing severe headaches and nausea. Xenophon, in his "Anabasis," describes it as producing the effect of temporary madness on the whole army. Recent travelers in that valley have observed the same consequences, and ascribe it to the rhododendron, of which the bees there are very fond. Swiss honey is a chemical debasement—what next?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## The Dark Continent Again.

It is difficult for us Americans who stay at home and lead rather humdrum lives to realize the mighty changes which are taking place in other lands. Here in Africa, for instance, which is being attacked by civilizing influences from every quarter. The English are hard at work in northeastern and southern Africa, the French in north Africa, while the Germans and Portuguese are penetrating that continent from the east and west coasts. The Portuguese government is building a railroad from Loanda, on the west coast, to Ambaca, 223 miles inland. Another road is soon to be constructed to Congo land. In the meanwhile white travelers, principally Germans, are making themselves at home in all parts of the interior. They are welcomed everywhere, and oddly enough their chief embarrassment is the desire of the African princesses to marry them. One Serpa Pinto had to fly in the night from an Ambulla princess who offered him the alternative of marriage or death. Herr Buchner had the utmost difficulty in declining a marital alliance with a sister of Muata Yano, who offered broad acres and herds of cattle if he would only be her spouse. Herr Hopfner has been adopted into an African tribe as the king's son. John Dunne, a Scotchman, is the most important chief of the thirteen in Zululand, and there are scores of other white men who are becoming all powerful in the interior of Africa. The next century will see a great change in the status of the Dark Continent.—Demorest's Monthly.

## Some Startling Figures.

What startling results one finds in our railway statistics! We have 340,000 miles of track—enough to girdle the earth a dozen times, with several thousand miles left for side-tracks. More than half of these lines were laid down at a cost of \$6,000,000,000—enough to pay the public debt four times over. There are 50,000 engines, 50,000 passenger coaches, and 1,000,000 freight cars, and over 4,000 patents have been taken out for inventions in railway machinery and appliances. Every year 300,000,000 tons of freight are carried. For moving this freight the companies receive an average of 1.29 cents per ton per mile, and for each passenger carried they get 2.51 cents per mile. It requires 500,000 employees to run all these roads. And yet it was only fifty-six years ago the 28th of this month that Peter Cooper ran the first steam-car from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills at the unparalleled speed of a mile in every four and a third minutes—Baltimore American.

A pair of crazy shoes has been made at Boston, Mass. The shoes contain 832 pieces of leather, and the tops alone contain 109 small shaped pieces.—Chicago Times.

## STRANGE FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.

Singular Phenomena of the New Zealand Eruptions—A Puzzling Affair.

Among the many extraordinary natural phenomena attending the recent eruption of Mount Tarawera, one which appears to me not the least singular has been passed over in comparative silence and without exciting comment so far as I am aware, among the scientific or unscientific public. During the last week those attending Mr. Burton's interesting lectures have heard there related one of the strange and, so far, inexplicable circumstances witnessed by Mr. McRae and others of that devoted little band to whom it must have seemed that hell itself had opened to destroy them. I allude to the fact of their being unable to make water boil on that terrible night, when earth itself appeared to be in a state of ebullition. I give here the narrative from Mr. McRae's own lips, and I feel confident that few who have read of the magnificent courage and presence of mind displayed by him among those fearsome surroundings, and none who have heard the plain, unvarnished tale modestly related by himself, will ascribe the circumstances as due to the working of an overheated and excited imagination.

Mr. McRae says: "I made George Baker, the cook, put some water on the fire to make cocoa for the women, who were cold and shivering, poor souls, though holding up grandly. About three quarters of an hour afterward he met me in the passage and said to me: 'Come here, sir.' 'What is it?' said I. 'I can't get the water to boil,' he said. 'Tut,' said I; 'poke up the fire.' 'It's a good fire,' he replied, and so it was, a glowing fire of blazing rata logs—a splendid fire. 'Put your hand in there and feel it,' said he, taking the lid off the boiler. I did so—very gingerly I can assure you, and found the water as cold as when we put it on. There were so many extraordinary things happening around me that this particular one did not excite my wonder very much. I thought it was owing to the electricity in the air. George Baker can vouch, as well as myself, for the fact of the water having been on the fire for full three-quarters of an hour, and at the end of that time being as cold as when put on. We spoke of the circumstance to the others at the time as being curious, but soon had matters more serious to distract our attention."

Now, surely, here is a natural phenomenon worthy the investigation of all our scientific men, not only in New Zealand, but throughout the civilized world. We, of course, all know that the greater the atmospheric pressure the greater the number of units of heat required to make the water boil, but some other deterrent cause must have been at work in this instance, as, after having been placed for three-quarters of an hour on a good fire, the water remained absolutely cold. What other cause was there? is the problem I suggest to our scientific men as one well worthy of their research.—Cor. New Zealand Herald.

## The Books Balanced Perfectly.

The cashier of a business place had occasion to leave his desk one day, and he called the son of the proprietor, who was at work in another department, to take his place for an hour or two, and instructed him about how to make entries in the cash book, in case any money came in, the receipts on one side and the disbursements on the other. The boy's father came in and wanted \$2, which the son gave him, and when the cashier came back he found an entry in the cash book. On one side was this: "Took in two dollars from a granger with his pants tucked in his boots." The cashier looked at the scrawl in the book and then at the cash drawer, and said: "Well, where's the two dollars?" The boy thought a minute, took a pencil and wrote on the other side of the book: "Paid collected the two dollars." The cashier sighed and the boy said: "Well, it balances, doesn't it? What more do you want?"—Peck's Sun.

## The Newspaper's Worst Side.

The worst side of the newspaper—the worst side of personal journalism is this—that it gives us the exceptional side, makes it seem the real and personal side. Crime are made interesting, criminals heroes, and their doings chronicled as if they were kings and queens. It is the ambition of many persons to see themselves in print; and if a girl will get married to see her name in the newspaper, as one admitted she had done, why it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a man would commit murder in order to be the reigning newspaper sensation, and that he would exercise ingenuity to make it brutal as possible, knowing that this increases his sensational value.—Jennie June.

A Fort Worth, Tex., concern has begun shipping 300 frozen beef carcasses a day to England.

An application has been made for a patent for manufacturing cattle food from wood.

## A Sign of Prosperity.

A New York paper declares that the country must be more prosperous this year than it was last year, because more people are getting married.

## HOMELESS RICH OF THE HUB.

A Class for Which the Social Scientists Should Take Thought—An Example.

From Bar Harbor to Newport the summer hotels are closing, and the homeless rich again, like poor Jo in "Bleak House," are compelled to "move on." It is the homeless rich who excite one's social sympathies. The homeless poor have a certain predetermined polarity of life which may have its hardships, but has also its definiteness of purpose. But the people who, by means of abundant wealth, are freed from this centripetal force, and whose life becomes a kind of scenic vagabondism and nomadic vagrancy, are a class for which the social scientists should take thought.

I have in mind one family which is a good example of the type. The husband and father is the owner of an immense manufacturing here, and his wealth is great. There is the mother and a young lady daughter whose lives offer them the perfect freedom that wealth and leisure insure. They could live abroad or at home, the father being a man of liberal tastes and freedom from business routine. They could own a house in this city fitted up to their liking. They could have a summer villa at the sea, or pass the summer abroad, or travel anywhere through their own country. Instead, they live the nomadic life that involves constant interruption and the hardships and discomforts of moving the machinery and impediments of life from pillar to post. They passed a winter at a city hotel, the entire furnishings of a beautiful home they had once owned being stored for an indefinite time in a Boston warehouse.

Suddenly, before it was time to leave town for the summer, circumstances forced them to change their hotel. They tried another for a short time—the time being too brief to make it worth while to fairly settle in their rooms—and then they started on a series of summer migrations in some of the inland resorts. In midsummer they returned to Boston and stayed a few days at a downtown hotel, in the midst of a noise and traffic that was unceasing night and day, while they could prospect for a seaside hotel, to which they went, to find small rooms, poor service, and the usual inconveniences of living in trunks. In a few days more this hotel closes. I met the daughter of the house yesterday, who regaled me with a touching account of their summer migrations and hardships, and of the anxieties that beset them in finding apartments in town for the winter. The entire family appear now to be engaged in this search. They have an anxious and fatigued air; they have no time to read the new books, to enjoy the glorious resplendence of these early autumn days, the society of friends, or the amusing panorama of city life as the season begins. Their lives are all a continual sacrifice to things, and I remember Emerson's lines:

"Things are in the saddle,  
And ride mankind."

Now is not the life of the homeless rich, when continually rendered as a burnt offering and a sacrifice to things, a far more hopeless case than the life of the homeless poor?—Lilian Whiting in Inter Ocean.

## The Love of Country.

Such is love of country. Beautiful, heaven-sent spirit! which makes heroes of cowards and saints of debauchees; which sustains men in dungeons and carries women through trials worse than childbirth; which is at once nature in art and art in nature, all things that are tender in one strong casement, only those who have lost their country know how to value it, and there is no continental nationality which has not at some time known what subjection is. The other evening the band played "God Save the Queen," and all the English rose to their feet, and stood till the final strains of the noble old anthem died away upon the moonlit air. To be in a foreign land and to have a body of foreign musicians break upon you with your own national song—even the beef-eating Britons, for all their stolidity, are not proof against it; and, blast 'em! I felt like getting up and standing, too!—Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier Journal.

## Softening "Hard" Water.

Based upon the fact that a small quantity of lime water added to hard water softens it by precipitating the chalk, a process has been in use at Henley-on-Thames for the last four years which, at the cost of less than a half-penny per 1,000 gallons, uniformly reduces the hardness of the Henley water from 18 to 5 degrees. The Daily News (London) describes a recent inspection of the process, the apparatus for which is pronounced "most useful, easily managed, and thoroughly reliable." It is said that in public institutions the net profit of using soft water instead of hard exceeds 20 per cent. per annum on the price of the apparatus. As for the comfort and convenience of soft water as compared with hard everybody knows it.—Chicago News.

The ball and bat are put away,  
Ceased is the long, long strife,  
And now the umpire may obtain  
Insurance on his life.

When suddenly the sharp features of Dominic Forbes were protruded over the fence.